

THE
RAMBLES
OF
MR. FRANKLY.

VOL. III.

THE

RAMBLE

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MR. FRANKLY.

PUBLISHED BY AINSWORTH, Y.

VOL. III

LONDON:

Printed for T. BAKER, the Corner of
the Adelphi, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXVI

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SC 5751A

1. 1. 1.

"a secret which I would have wished

"ever to have remained concealed.

"You have heard me misled by the

"course of wrongs, crying, 'but by

"innocence my soul has been," and

"I still shall be improved.—I would

"be glad to recover my former

"to recover my former

"strength and power."

"this week I shall not give

"you to I shall not give

"a further word."

"I returned into the same way."

"THE QUICKER THE BETTER."

"I will OMBOD ONE MORE."

"Permit me to say one more."

"I shall not give you to I shall not give

"a further word."

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THE
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THE TRIAL.

WE removed into our new house
at the other end of the town.
It was furnished in the most elegant
taste—and we found ourselves sur-
rounded with all the joys of afflu-
ence and independence. I almost

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B

blush

blush to acknowledge that my heart was not entirely at ease. When I was far distant from the smiles of Fortune, I, like the rest of unsatisfied beings, sighed for her favours.—When they were showered upon me, I considered wealth as a dangerous deluder, which might in time rob me of my most valuable possessions.—The first hour that my wife and I were by ourselves, I thus addressed her :

“ JULIA,” said I, “ Fortune has
 “ at length been a bountiful friend,
 “ and we will endeavour to make the
 “ most of her smiles. At least half
 “ of our lives has been spent in a
 “ situation

“situation nearly allied to indigence.
 “We have been poor, humble, and
 “neglected.—Poverty seldom meets
 “with a friend—and humility, I
 “have found by experience, exposes
 “one to contempt. We will there-
 “fore follow the example of others,
 “and act up to the dignity of our
 “station, by being proud, haughty,
 “and designing.—By which means
 “our fortune will give us the utmost
 “consequence in the great world,
 “and teach our inferiors and de-
 “pendents to treat us with that ser-
 “vility and flattering respect so much
 “admired.”

JULIA looked at me with surprise:
 —“Is it possible,” said she, in trem-

bling accents, "that the sentiments
 "of my Edward Frankly can be
 "thus altered by his fortune?—If
 "so, wretched was that day it came
 "in our possession. For your sake,
 "and my children's, I wished for
 "wealth—but if it must rob us of
 "our humility, and deprive us of
 "life's highest enjoyments, benevo-
 "lence, affability, and compassion,
 "would we were again removed
 "from its ensnaring blandishments,
 "and that my Edward were the
 "humble and contented man I once
 "knew him! Although we were
 "strangers to affluence, we were
 "likewise strangers to its follies,
 "vices, and cares."

SHE looked displeased ;—but I determined to try her further.—
Every man has his peculiar humours.

“ JULIA,” said I, sternly—“ play
“ not thus with my patience. We
“ have been humble too long, and our
“ humility was regarded as a mean-
“ ness. Ambition, luxury, and plea-
“ sure are the general pursuits.—
“ Let us therefore lay aside our old-
“ fashioned virtues, and become like
“ the rest of the world. I have
“ been ridiculed and insulted be-
“ cause I was humble, and the friend
“ of mankind. We have youth and
“ fortune in our possession—let us
“ make them subservient to our
“ wills.

"wills. Your beauty will procure
 "you a thousand admirers;—you
 "may become the rival of many:
 "—nor shall I be thought the ab-
 "surd creature I once was, if I assume
 "the man of fashion.—It is the only
 "way to avoid the ridicule of the
 "gay, polite world."——

"And to obtain that of the sen-
 "sible and unerring,"—said she.—
 "Surely I am deceived,—and some
 "envious being has assumed my hus-
 "band's form to place discontent
 "within my bosom. If these are the
 "sentiments of my beloved Frankly,
 "farewel to peace!—detested be all
 "grandeur!—far preferable was the
 "cottage

"cottage we left, with innocence, to
 "all the false delights of greatness.
 "Can I be dear to my Edward, when
 "he talks to me of admirers? He
 "knows my only wish is to be ad-
 "mired by him, and him alone."

"PARDON me, Julia," said I, "for
 "this one short trial of your blush-
 "ing sweetness. I wished to dis-
 "cover the sentiments of your heart,
 "and I find them—as I ever did—ex-
 "actly correspondent to my wishes."

"You need not ask me twice for
 "pardon," said she, smiling through
 her tears.—"How strangely must
 "that heart be formed, to which be-

“nevolence cannot teach the noble
 “lesson of forgiveness!”

“SPOKEN like yourself,” said I,
 rising and embracing her. “Let us
 “stand firm, my Julia.—Rocks and
 “quicksands are hidden beneath the
 “glittering waves of delusive for-
 “tune—nor can short-sighted mor-
 “tals see dangers till they have
 “nearly reached them. The world,
 “it is true, wears a more pleasing
 “appearance than it lately did.—
 “That will attach us the more
 “strongly to it, but will not lengthen
 “our stay—whilst the flowers, which
 “prosperity will strew in our path,
 “may withdraw our attention from
 “the

" the admonitions that Time is hourly
 " making, and deprive us of our
 " sincerest friend. Your helpless sex,
 " my fair one, are more immediately
 " exposed to temptation, and deluded
 " into the giddy stream of vanity.
 " Your beauty will create admirers.
 " —They will flatter—if you listen
 " —to betray."

" MR. FRANKLY, why will you re-
 " peat admirers?—Am not I a mo-
 " ther, and a wife?—Are not those
 " names a sufficient security against
 " lovers and flattery?—Surely you
 " must have a poor opinion of me."—

" THE best in the world," said I,
 " The virtues and good qualities of
 " all

“all your sex are centered in your
 “bosom.—No room has yet been
 “found for any of their follies.—
 “But, my Julia, the world is
 “strangely altered.—Hymen, who
 “was once the constant protector of
 “virtue, and promoter of happiness,
 “is seldom so in this age. Gentle-
 “men marry to increase their for-
 “tunes—ladies to obtain their free-
 “dom—and a woman stands a better
 “chance for admirers after mar-
 “riage than she did before. Whilst
 “the husband sees her conduct al-
 “most with indifference, he consoles
 “himself for it in the arms of a mis-
 “tress.—Mutually dissatisfied, each
 “has a liberty of indulging separate
 “pleasures.

"pleasures. Their children are left
 "to the care of strangers, who soon
 "lose the power of restraining them.
 "—By which means the next gene-
 "ration may suffer more than this
 "has done for the present vices and
 "follies."

"Good Heaven!" cried my asto-
 nished wife, "what a scene have you
 "developed! I now, indeed, begin
 "to think that I stand on the verge
 "of a precipice, and am in danger
 "of losing that peace and content
 "which with you I have ever known.
 "I could almost wish myself replaced
 "in my former habitation."

THE DETERMINATION.

“LET us not, my dear,” said I,
 “set the less value on the
 “favours of Providence, because
 “they are attended with difficulties
 “and dangers.—It depends upon our-
 “selves to make them a blessing or
 “a curse. I thought it necessary to
 “caution you against what you *may*
 “have to encounter. We will know
 “no separate pleasures—We will
 “arm ourselves against every hazard-
 “ous passion—and by shunning vice,
 “avoid the bitter draught of repent-
 “ance. You have chosen me for
 “your guardian and protector
 “through

“through life—You and my little
 “ones are the only real treasures I
 “possess—But whilst I desire to be
 “acquainted with your every fear,
 “your every wish, to prevent the
 “one, and gratify the other, be you,
 “my Julia, the gentle monitress of
 “Frankly.—Never hesitate to speak
 “your disapprobation of his conduct,
 “should it displease you. By these
 “means we shall, in some measure,
 “be secured against a flattering
 “world.”—Having formed this re-
 solution, we cheerfully obeyed a
 summons to dinner.

THE EMBARRASMENTS.

HOW frequently—and how much—are people deceived by outward appearance! Would any one have supposed that the man who had been accustomed to sit down to a table with one dish only, should not be able to get a better dinner when seven stood before him of the greatest rarities the season produced?—Yet so it was—I was doubtful which to choose.—The servants stood staring at a distance—I felt myself awkward and confused—The children looked with surprise on each other, then on us—At length our

eldest boy whispered—"I wish I had
 "some water, but I don't like to
 "ask either of these fine gentlemen
 "for any."—The entrance of honest
 Trueman soon set matters right, and
 we became easy and talkative. The
 children said, their new house was
 the finest in the world, and that the
gentlefolks in the kitchen were very
 good-natured. They inquired when
 the coach would come home, as they
 wished very much to ride in one as
 fine as those they saw passing in the
 streets.—I promised them a ride in
 the coach before tea—told them, this
 house was now their home—that the
 men they imagined to be gentlemen,
 were servants I had hired to attend

us—bidding them for the future remember, that it was not fortune, a laced waistcoat, or a pair of ruffles, that made a gentleman—but sense, goodness, and an uniform undeviating conduct.

THE AIRING!

AT the hour appointed for our going out, the carriage drew up to the door—Julia appeared in a handsome Brunswick—I never saw her look so pretty—but I left it to her glass to tell her so.—We set off—Pleasure danced in the countenance of our children—Serenity and contentment were in our hearts.—The evening was delightfully fine—All Nature was serene.—Every one we passed seemed to have an air of business on his face.—Pleasure was undoubtedly the business of many—and they were as seriously anxious.

in their gay pursuits, as others in their more useful ones.—Though the body be idle, the mind is seldom unemployed, and too often torments itself.—A gentle sigh escaped the bosom of my Julia—I inquired the cause.—“I have some fears, Mr. Frankly, “respecting to-morrow—and doubt “I shall acquit myself but awkwardly amongst such a multiplicity “of visitors as we shall most probably receive.”—“Never fear,” said I, “but that those who are perhaps impatient to become acquainted with us on account of “our fortune, will on that very account determine to be pleased.—“The less we know of polite life, “the

"better they will like us—It will
 "give them an opportunity of shew-
 "ing their superior qualifications—
 "'Tis a pleasure we will not grudge
 "them.—But let not your diffidence
 "give you pain. Remember, there
 "is one who will certainly be pleased
 "with you—one who has ever been
 "a captive to your virtues."——

AN OBJECT OF DISTRESS.

WHEN we alighted, at our return, several miserable wretches furrounded the door. In vain the servants endeavoured to drive them away. At last, provoked at their clamours, one of them rudely pushed against a poor woman, and she fell upon the pavement. "Now," said she, "my miseries can never lay me lower!"—"How cruel!" cried my boy Charles, running to her assistance—"Get up, good woman, and come in—Papa is not cross to poor folks, though his new proud man is."—I stood enjoying
 2 the

the scene—The fellow looked abashed—it was needless to reprove him—my boy had severely done so. Julia and I assisted our son in leading the woman into the house—and ordered the servants to procure her some refreshment, and then to conduct her to our apartment. Within half an hour she came to us, escorted by her hero Charles.—There was a something in her countenance that instantly claimed our pity. Her face had still the remains of beauty—her voice was harmonious—her manner striking and genteel.—I desired her to be seated, and to inform me if it was in my power to be serviceable to her. I would willingly atone,

said I, for the rudeness of my servant. Amongst a throng of clamorous supplicants, we are too apt to disregard the sigh of anguish—But I had rather be often deceived, than ever overlook one real sufferer.—“ Good
 “ God !” she cried, bursting into tears, “ how seldom are the unfor-
 “ tunate poor treated with such can-
 “ dour and generosity !—I did not
 “ think such goodness still remained
 “ in a world with which misfortunes
 “ have made me disgusted—misfor-
 “ tunes aggravated by cruelty and
 “ suspicion.—I was educated in a
 “ manner superior to the rank in which
 “ I was placed—The thorns of love
 “ were early planted in my bosom.”—

THE INTERRUPTION.

“ I Will spare you the trouble and
 “ pain,” said I, “ of repeating
 “ your sorrows. It is sufficient that
 “ I know you are unhappy. There
 “ is a simplicity,—an artless some-
 “ thing,—which attends on truth,
 “ that seldom fails to interest one in
 “ its behalf—I will be guided by its
 “ impulse—(The world may think
 “ me a madman)—You shall no more
 “ be exposed to hardships. We
 “ want an elderly woman to take
 “ care of our children.—If, on a fur-
 “ ther acquaintance, your behaviour
 “ convinces us you deserve our friend-
 “ ship,

“ ship, and you are willing to undertake the charge—in which we shall assist—our habitation shall be an asylum to you.”—A scream of joy was faintly uttered, and she fell senseless on the floor. When perfectly recovered, she undertook the task we had assigned her.—Her behaviour soon convinced us of her worth;—and many years of fidelity, care, and the truest attachment, rewarded us for the protection we afforded her. The trial was hazardous—but the reward was greater than the danger.

THE VISITING DAY.

SIR George and lady *Thoughtless called upon us in the morning.—

We told them we expected company in the afternoon, and hoped—they would favour us with the addition of theirs.—“ And whether you expect “ them or not,” said lady Thoughtless, “ you will have, I can tell you, “ a great deal.—I was yesterday at “ Mrs. Bridgemore’s rout—Every “ one was eagerly inquiring after “ you; and being the only one in “ the room who had the honour of “ your acquaintance, I was instantly

* See Vol. II. p. 106.

“interrogated by twenty at once—
 “*Is she handsome?*”—“*Will she be one*
 “*amongst us?*”—In short, envy, curi-
 “osity, and a desire of increasing the
 “number of acquaintance, are the
 “reigning passions—quite the ton.”

“WELL,” said Julia, “I wish we
 “had deferred seeing company till I
 “was more familiarized to the fa-
 “shionable mode of receiving and
 “paying visits.—I am frightened at
 “the very thoughts of being stared
 “at by so many polite people.”—
 Lady Thoughtless laughed at the
 fears of her sweet, blushing friend.
 She had herself, she acknowledged,
 experienced many—“And after hav-
 “ing

“ing been heartily abused,” said Sir George, “and unmercifully pulled “to pieces, feature by feature, Hebe “is become a reigning favourite. “Every thing she does is graceful “and easy.”—“From your love, Sir “George,” she cried, “I borrow all “the merit I possess;—and whilst I “can act to meet your approbation, “and increase your happiness, I care “not whether the world be pleased “or not.”—They soon left us.

In the evening, a loud knock at the door announced the arrival of some of our visitors—and in bounced lord and lady Courtly.—
“We were glad to take the earliest
“oppor-

“opportunity,” cried lady Courtly,
 almost out of breath, “of paying
 “our respects to Mr. and Mrs.
 “Frankly.—Upon my word, my
 “lord, a very handsome figure of a
 “man.—What think you of his
 “wife?” (in a half whisper) “Quite
 “the thing, ’pon honour.—This is
 “an elegant drawing-room, Mr.
 “Frankly.”—“Is it not astonishing
 “how people just started into life
 “can have such taste?”—Before we
 could return an answer, ten or a
 dozen more entered the room—from
 every one an inundation of nonsen-
 sical, unmeaning compliments—
 whilst their looks informed us we
 were viewed with envy and con-
 tempt;

tempt; and for about ten minutes, there was as great a confusion of tongues as at the building of Babel.

The language was new, and almost unintelligible to me; but it may not be so to my readers.—“*Quite the*

ton,” in one place.—“*The bill will certainly pass.*”—“*What his lordship sees, he will undoubtedly believe.*” “*I*

never saw two such awkward wretches. You may be certain, 'tis the first time of their being in polite company.”

“*Intolerable!—That low-bred creature to aim at a title.*”—“*In deep, Sir*

John;—not less than three thousand, 'pon my soul.”—“*'Tis the sweetest girl*

I ever beheld.—One might, by settling a few hundreds, persuade her to leave
that

that old hypocrite Israel."—"For my part, I hate to visit such mushrooms, sprung up from nobody knows where. An author too I detest. I never think the creatures are like the rest of their species.; but one must do like the rest of the world." "Mind the sentimental fright; how complaisant to his Julia!—No doubt but their children are named after the Muses."—"There was the devil to pay at Almack's." "Lady S—— has certainly eloped from her husband with a paltry ensign." In an instant up they all bounced,—should be immensely glad to see us.—

No sooner were they gone, than another set succeeded,—which, tho'

not

not quite so numerous, was more agreeable. A Mr. and Mrs. Somers, who appeared to follow, rather than be led by, fashion. Lady Highmore, a widow of about twenty-five;—a young lady with her, who looked in all the bloom of eighteen—her name was Conyers.—She had a dejection on her countenance very visible. — Lady Highmore treated this young lady with a haughtiness that was a heavy burden to support. She returned her cruelty with looks of humble virtue, which said, “*I am thy dependent.*”—It was enough to disarm a savage bosom of pride—Why did I name a savage?—They are strangers to the inhumanity of
insulting

insulting each other—they think not of the difference which fortune has made.—A captain Manly made up the party.—He was a soldier of merit—and, strange indeed, his merit had procured him a company. This formidable hero had escorted lady Highmore on her visit—her ladyship eyed him with partiality—the captain often stole a look at Miss Conyers.—They took their leave before Mr. and Mrs. Somners.—No sooner were they gone, than Mr. Somners exclaimed,—“How I pity that young creature! Upon my word she is a fine girl.”—“How came she to live with lady Highmore?” said I. “She is an orphan,” he returned, “and

“and has no other dependance than
 “the favour of her ladyship : but I be-
 “lieve the captain intends to rescue
 “the distressed damsel from her state
 “of slavery”—“To a freedom,” said
 I, “perhaps worse than her present
 “slavery. I am a strange old-fashi-
 “oned fellow, Mr. Somner ; but
 “would all mankind be of my opi-
 “nion, there should not be an orphan
 “in the world.”—They took their
 leave, desiring to be further ac-
 quainted.

THE SECOND DAY.

THE first who made his appearance at our next party, was the noble jockey* I had met in the Park. He did not seem to remember the encounter: and I did not choose to make his visit disagreeable by reminding him of it.—Lord and lady Flaunter came next, followed by many others; who, from their dress and manners, appeared a compound of folly and foreign extravagance. Amongst the company was my Julia's aunt, lady Lovegold. We were, her dear nephew, and niece, at every word,

* See Vol. I. page 41.

—but we never returned her visit. Some of the company begged we would so far dispense with ceremony as to order cards. The card-tables were placed—almost every one sat down to them with avidity.—What a variety of changes was suddenly discovered in the countenance of each!—Hope, disappointment, and despair, were too soon become part of our guests. I saw the alteration with astonishment and vexation. As I did not play, I went from table to table. To some I endeavoured to give consolation; whilst others laid claim to my congratulations on their good fortune.—Julia, who sat down at a quadrille-table with lady Flaun-

ter, lord Ranger, and a Mr. Danvers, was soon an object of envy. She played a *sans prendre* vole, which was followed by a run of success. The gentlemen complimented her on her judgment—the lady, with discontented looks, murmured something about luck. Poor Julia looked distressed—and I immediately flew to learn the cause of that discomposure I observed in her.

THE MISTAKE.

WHAT!" said I, "my dear
 "Julia, are you a worse
 "philosopher at the card-table than
 "in every other respect, that you
 "suffer yourself to be put out of
 "humour, by bad cards?"—"You
 "are mistaken, my dear," said she,
 "as to the cause—I am mortified—
 "but it is by holding too good cards;
 "as I am certain I have the greatest
 "part of the amusement to myself.
 "The lady, and these gentlemen,
 "stand no chance with me—I wish
 "some of the company would take
 "my seat." "Upon my word," said

I, "you are the only lady, I believe,
 "whom the smiles of Fortune would
 "make unhappy. But be easy,
 "my Julia—her ladyship does not
 "long continue in the same hu-
 "mour: and as your smiles are ever
 "so becoming, continue to wear
 "them when she frowns, or you will
 "not do her justice."—"Well,"
whispered Mrs. Burnly, but loud
 enough to be heard, "when husbands
 "say such fine things before com-
 "pany, I always think they are not
 "better than they should be when
 "alone."—"Bless me! Mr. Burnly,
 "how could you play so?—I had
 "much rather play at any other table
 "than with you. Basted indeed!
 "why,

"why, we have only three tricks. I
 "hate these first visits where one's
 "*husband* is forced to be of the party."
 —"We are pretty even," said he,
 drawling—" *wife* is curst company."
 —I secretly congratulated the happy
 pair—as undoubtedly *their* tete-à-tetes
 are of the most *tender* kind;—at least
 if we might judge from what the lady
 had said.

THE NEW VISITOR.

AT the instant that lord Ranger was swearing that Mrs. Frankly's eyes were the finest he had ever seen, and had already made a wound in his heart which no time could cure—without the least ceremony, my boy Charles, and sweet dove-eyed Harriot, burst into the apartment, leading a ragged little boy, who belonged to some wretch that had inhumanly thrust him into the streets, and there left him to an unpitying world, to beg that bread which they refused to give him. By chance he found his way to our door, and there told

told his artless tale of misery to a servant, who, after listening, chid him for begging, without giving him a mite, or one compassionating word to soften his severity. Charles, who was playing with his sister, instantly flew to the door, and hearing the piteous tale, led him in. Surprised at seeing so much company, he, for a moment, seemed irresolute—but perceiving me at the further end of the room, compassion got the better of his bashfulness, and he advanced with the poor, friendless wanderer.—“Heaven defend me!” cried some of the ladies—“what fright is that?”—“Bless me, Mr. Frankly, how can
“you

“you suffer those little angels to
 “touch the filthy creature?—he
 “may bring some distemper amongst
 “us.”——“Don’t be frightened,
 “ladies,” said I——“I fancy he has
 “no other distemper than poverty—
 “a distemper we too often fly from.
 “But how durst you”—cried I,
 sternly,—turning to my boy and girl
 —“bring this wretch here?”—
 Charles looked confounded—but
 soon regaining courage——“Because I
 “never saw you angry with those
 “that are poor—this little boy has
 “neither father, mother, house nor
 “money—do, pray papa, let him
 “stay with us. Were you and mama
 “to

“to die, some of these fine folks
 “would take me in, I dare say.”—

Julia flew to her son, and caught him
 in her arms. Every one admired his
 spirit, and carested him. Again lord
 Ranger was in raptures. Charles
 looked as if he wished rather that
 they had noticed his new friend.—
 Harriot kept hold of his hand, and
 bid poor Tommy not cry—“Mama
 “will give you something to eat.”

—We promised our son, that Tommy
 should stay till we could provide for
 him by some means or other; and
 having ordered him to be equipped
 in some of our son’s old clothes, dis-
 missed them tolerably satisfied.

THE

THE company soon after left us, we first having promised the gentle lady *****, that our son should accompany us when we had the honour to attend her ladyship.

THE CONFESSION.

"WELL," cried I, "my Julia,

"I see that you have al-
 "ready got admirers, as well as your
 "son. I must begin to look about
 "me—My boy will steal ladies'
 "hearts; his mother the gentle-
 "men's." "No danger of either,"
 said she, "I believe. The tongue,
 "I find, has in the fashionable world
 "no connexion with the heart—Se-
 "riously, my dear Frankly, I am quite
 "fatigued;—and if you insist on my
 "sacrificing many days in this man-
 "ner, I shall begin to think you a
 "tyrannic lord. I never yet had
 6 "reason

“reason to complain.”—“Then, for
 “shame, don’t begin on the first
 “provocation,” said I.—“’Tis not
 “your husband, but custom, which
 “imposes fashions on us, to some of
 “which people of fortune must
 “submit. And if we are sometimes
 “forced to mix with large parties,
 “at others we may choose the most
 “worthy from them to form an
 “agreeable circle. Thus, even mor-
 “tifying circumstances, you see,
 “carry a reward with them—But
 “the world shall not tax us for more
 “of our time than we choose to part
 “with. As a recompence for the
 “sweetness, modesty, and goodness
 “which have this day charmed others
 “as

"as well as myself, I will in the
 "morning take a ramble with you.
 "We will fix on no particular round,
 "but go where we shall find some-
 "thing to amuse."—We resolved to
 set off as soon as we had break-
 fasted, without being encumbered
 with equipage or attendants; as
 walking was an exercise we deter-
 mined not to *forget*.

THE MORNING RAMBLE.

WE chatted, as we walked unconcernedly through the busy throng; and were in sight of Westminster Abbey before we had thought of it. We determined to go in, and amuse ourselves amongst the renowned and illustrious dead. 'Twas a strange determination—but different minds are entertained by different means.

WE were seriously happy—Pleased with life; but not afraid of death. Its pageantry we thought might amuse—it could not strike us with horror.

horror. Flattery and truth were both to be found in the various inscriptions—inscriptions that would at least speak truth to our hearts—and some living characters might be found amongst the dead. We went in, with several others.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WHAT a striking scene! How awfully grand! how magnificently solemn!—The chilly air was cold as the inhabitants—it seemed the air of death. But even the habitations of the dead afford variety for the living.

“How do you feel, my Julia?”
 said I. “Shall we go on, or leave
 “this place?” “Let us proceed by
 “all means,” said she: “my eyes
 “are already anxious to see, my ears
 “to hear, the tale of some who have
 “here found rest from their ambi-
 “tion,

“tion, misfortunes, and the tender
 “cares of life. The fortunate and
 “happy are here likewise. Solemn
 “and striking as the scene appears,
 “my spirits are rather raised than
 “depressed by it.” “What has in-
 “nocence to fear from death?” said
 I, embracing her with transport—
 “My Julia’s virtues can strew even
 “the grave with flowers.”

I WAS too much taken up in ad-
 miring my wife, to observe a vene-
 rable man who approached us.

THE STRANGER.

“ I Have heard your conversation,”
 said he, “ with pleasure and
 “ surprise, because I fancy it was
 “ sincere. I wish you would permit
 “ me to walk through the chapels,
 “ and the open parts of the Abbey
 “ with you. I have not for many
 “ years been in this place—Some of
 “ the monuments are as new to me
 “ as you are. I am a grave man, not
 “ very fond of society—one whom
 “ you need not fear, if you cannot
 “ like. I suppose you are a young
 “ couple just returned from an ex-
 “ pedition to Scotland.—But that one
 “ hour

“ hour of the honey-moon should be
 “ spent in this place, is surprising—
 “ especially when there are so many
 “ houses open for entertainment.”—

THERE was something in the man-
 ner and appearance of this stranger
 that pleased me.—I received his offer
 with pleasure, and, the guide appear-
 ing, we proceeded together.

THE CHAPEL OF ST. BENEDICT.

LYONEL LORD CRANFIELD.

“**H**OW much more enviable was thy end, Oh CRANFIELD! than the busy though exalted scenes of thy life! Envy is ever throwing her shafts to wound the great—Innocence alone can repel them.—Heaven is a port open for all mankind to enter.—Every son and daughter of Adam may there find a place of rest from all their labours—What a delightful thought!”

“THE voyage, young gentleman,”
—said the stranger—“is often rough
“and tempestuous.”—

“BUT

“ BUT the end is peace”—said I.

LADY HERTFORD.

“ I admire this monument,” said my Julia, “ because it is a sure proof
“ of a husband’s love. It gives
“ beauty to the well-wrought sculp-
“ ture”—

“ AND at the same time declares
“ the virtues of thy departed sex,”
said I. “ That lady HERTFORD was
“ loved by her noble lord, what heart
“ could doubt?”—

THE CHAPEL OF ST. EDMUND.

JOHN of ELTHAM,—second son of King EDWARD the Third—cut off at the age of nineteen.—

Equally exposed to the arrows of death, are the sons of kings with those of other men. Nor can worth be a greater security than royalty.

FRANCIS HOLLIS.

An afflicted parent speaks in this monument.

HOLLIS—brave youth! took an early leave of life. He signalized himself in war—forsook his honours at the age of eighteen.

HEAR

HEAR what the youthful hero says—

“Man’s life is measured by the work,
“not days.”

“A LIFE well spent,” said the
stranger, “cannot be too long or
“too short.”

LADY FRANCES DUTCHESS
OF SUFFOLK.

“HERE sleeps,” said my Julia,
“the tender parent of the unfor-
“tunate lady JANE GRAY—who,
“born without ambition herself, was
“forced to give up the soft delights
“of life—accepted the heavy bur-
“den of a crown—and at last fell a
“victim to the ambition of others.

“WHAT

“ WHAT a lesson of wisdom does
 “ this monument preach ! She now
 “ sleeps at peace, as well as her pa-
 “ rent. A church-yard was once the
 “ only resting-place which the mise-
 “ ries of the unfortunate dutchess had
 “ left her.”——

LADY ELIZABETH RUSSELL.

“ SEE there, my Julia,” said I,
 “ the monument erected to the me-
 “ mory of the fair RUSSELL. Strange
 “ was her death !”——“ If a victim to
 “ industry, strange indeed,” cried a
 “ man who was amusing himself in the
 “ same manner we were——“ I don’t be-
 “ lieve any of the sex would sacri-
 “ fice themselves so again, even to
 “ make

“ make as shining a figure in this
 “ Abbey, consecrated to the pride of
 “ the dead.”

WILLIAM DE VALENCE.

“ VALENCE, if report says truth,”
 cried the stranger, “ deserved not
 “ such a monument. Methinks such
 “ pomps bestowed on the unworthy
 “ are—like flattering inscriptions—
 “ reproaches on those for whom de-
 “ signed. Or—as Addison observed,
 “ when wandering, like us, in this
 “ sacred place—“ *a satire on the dead.*”

“ My actions,” said I, “ shall be
 “ my only monuments.—I would *sur-*
 “ *vive* death by *living* in the hearts of
 “ my friends.”

THE CHAPEL OF ST. NICHOLAS.

“**H**ERE, likewise, are victims to
 “the power of ambition,
 “Surely,” said I, “it ought to be
 “inserted in our Litany, From Am-
 “bition, good Lord, deliver us!”—
 “And also,” said the stranger,
 “from cards,—paint,—pantheon,—
 “masquerades,—and divorces.—But
 “there are few families,” said he,
 “that have not a Judas amongst
 “them. In truth, we may meet
 “with one in almost every house.”

“**UNFORTUNATE SOMERSET!**—
 “**PROUD BURLEIGH!**—**AMIALE VIL-**
 “**LARS!**”

“**UNHAP-**

"UNHAPPY, mistaken Buck-
 "INGHAM!"—said I—"It is said,
 "that even the grave yielded up
 "this thy venerable parent to warn
 "thee of thy fate—but it would
 "not save thee from the dark affas-
 "sin. Malice and envy, perhaps,
 "dressed thy actions in a darker co-
 "lour than they deserved. Thou
 "wert the favourite of a king—thou
 "couldst not expect to be a favou-
 "rite with his subjects. Strange,
 "and trying are the vicissitudes of
 "life—especially of the great. The
 "man who sighs for the favours
 "of a court, and has his wishes
 "granted,

"granted, finds them surrounded
"with thorns."

"MAY that azure sky, and arti-
"ficial heaven, here represented, be
"the portion of all," said the
stranger!

HENRY THE VIIth's CHAPEL.

“THIS is the sepulchre of none
 but those who were of royal
 extraction—It is the only drawing-
 room of kings and queens.—And is
 this all that remains of greatness?—
 Methinks I feel myself exalted—an
 unusual sensation fills my heart.
 The distinction between man and
 man is almost ended here—for the
 monuments of princes will fall into
 decay.”

“THE floor—the roof—the ar-
 chitecture—every thing here lays
 claim to our admiration”—cried

I

my

my Julia. The honeyed accents
roused me from my reverie.—

HENRY VH. and ELIZABETH his Queen.

—“HERE sleep HENRY, and his
“Queen”—said I—“Were his grief
“equal to his ostentation, when he
“buried his consort, he was unfortu-
“nate indeed.” “It was an amuse-
“ment,” cried the stranger.—“He
“liked the pomp, and laid a plan
“for that which was to attend him
“to this place.”—“There is no ac-
“counting for the humours of kings,
“any more than for those of other
“men.”

EDWARD

EDWARD VI.

"POISON found its way to the breast of the royal EDWARD.—Poison is ever hovering near a throne. Sometimes it is conveyed by flattery—by the ambitious—by false friends—by murderers. The design may be different—the end often the same."

MARGARET Countess of RICHMOND.

THIRTY kings and queens allied to her—it was a noble catalogue. Yet she will find her own virtues the most valuable diadem. "The poets of the present age," said the stranger, "would think *twenty shillings*

“but a poor reward for composing
“an epitaph to the memory of so
“illustrious a personage.”

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

“HERE rests the great ELIZA-
BETH, free from every care, after
having felt the weight of a crown
forty-four years, some months and
days.”

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

“UNHAPPY MARY!”—cried the
stranger.—“What is this pompous
“monument?—What was all thy
“state?—Beauty and greatness were
“thy bane. Thou suffered'st for a
“crown

“crown—Thou hast now, I hope,
 “obtained one; of which the design-
 “ing policy of proud man can never
 “rob thee.—Unfortunate thou wert
 “in life—great, and heroic in death!”

EDWARD V. and his BROTHER.

“HAPPY Infants!” said I—“The
 “grave wants no cradle to lull you
 “to repose.” “I see that monu-
 “ment with regret,” said Julia.—Un-
 “fortunate, unoffending brothers!—
 “cruel, ambitious uncle! Smothered
 “—then obscurely buried—Could
 “you have hid your guilt from all
 “mankind, surely you would have
 “found your punishment in your

“own conscience.” “Undoubtedly
 “he did,” said the stranger; “and
 “RICHARD would be glad at the last
 “day to disown his soul, and lay
 “claim to that of the poorest
 “beggar.”

THE CHAPEL OF ST. PAUL.

SOME other company joined us as we entered this chapel. The lofty monument of Sir JOHN PUCKERING immediately attracted our notice. We read his epitaph in English. As soon as we came to the following lines,—

“ His wife this statue rears to her lov’d
 “ spouse,
 “ The test of constancy and marriage
 “ vows”——

“ ’Twas a mighty pretty compliment,” cried a female, “ that lady
 “ Puckering paid Sir John. I hear-

“tily wish I had an opportunity of
 “paying a similar one to my spouse.”

At hearing this exclamation, we
 all turned to observe the speaker.
 She was a young lady, who appeared
 about twenty years old—had beauty
 enough to make her countenance
 pleasing—and was in an elegant
 dishabille, leaning on the arm of ano-
 ther female.

“THE declaration you have made,
 “Madam,” said I, “is an uncom-
 “mon one.”—“But as true as ho-
 “nesty,” said she. “Well! Hea-
 “ven preserve me,” cried Julia,
 “from ever experiencing the pangs
 “of

“of surviving the man to whom I am
 “united!—my soul shudders at the
 “most distant thought of such a
 “cheerless prospect.”——

“I BEGIN to think, my pretty
 “philosopher in petticoats,” cried
 the stranger, “notwithstanding the
 “justness of your sentiments, and the
 “pleasing figure you make in the
 “eyes of an old man, that you are
 “a mighty old-fashioned female.
 “Now this young lady is quite the
 “thing—you find she sighs for free-
 “dom—weeds are a most becoming
 “dress, and a dead husband the most
 “agreeable figure imaginable.”

" FROM the freedom of my ex-
 " pressions," cried the fair stranger,
 blushing, " I do not wonder that
 " you condemn me. Still I should
 " think, from your countenances,
 " that you have lived long enough
 " not always to judge from appear-
 " ances. I never saw any of you be-
 " fore—we never may meet again—
 " Yet I wish not to be thought
 " meanly of.—I was left at the age
 " of fifteen to the care of a human
 " monster, who had, by a specious
 " appearance of honour, crept into
 " the good opinion of my deceased
 " father—He left me without distrust
 " to this designing hypocrite. My
 " fortune

“ fortune was large—my person, un-
 “ luckily, happened to please. A
 “ forged will was contrived—I must
 “ marry the man, or give up my for-
 “ tune.—I was married—cheated of
 “ happiness—and too late, to find
 “ a remedy, discovered the impossi-
 “ tion that had been put upon me. I
 “ would therefore have endeavoured
 “ to have been happy, and have made
 “ this man so—But happiness is
 “ what he has no idea of;—unless
 “ he finds it from the wretchedness
 “ of others. Jealousy and ill-nature
 “ are in his every word and action.
 “ Sordidness shuts his heart against
 “ every smiling virtue. I often suffer
 “ confinement and insults from ima-
 “ ginary

“ ginary faults. A fit of the gout
 “ now secures him to his bed, and I
 “ stole into this place to enjoy an
 “ hour’s conversation with a friend
 “ I love.—Youth still blooms upon
 “ my cheek, whilst discontent preys
 “ upon my heart. I have no other
 “ prospect for peace, than from the
 “ close of his life, who has brought
 “ wretchedness upon mine.”——

THE ladies withdrew. We did
 not chuse to intrude farther on that
 hour which the unhappy wife had
 promised to partake with her friend ;
 and therefore made no efforts to
 detain her.

“ WE

“We are too often apt,” said I,
 “to put a wrong construction on the
 “words and actions of others. My
 “heart now pities what only a few
 “minutes before it was ready to
 “condemn. It shews at once the
 “impropriety of one mortal’s pre-
 “suming to judge another.”

“HEAVEN send the fair object of
 “our compassion the freedom she
 “sighs for,” said the stranger—
 “but methinks every thing conspires
 “to render you an object of envy.”—

“THAT I would never wish to
 “be,” said I.—“Sensible of the trea-
 “sure I possess in my beloved Julia,
 “and

“ and the various blessings of a now
 “ smiling world, I would have my
 “ happiness of that silent nature as
 “ not to give a painful pang of envy
 “ or regret to any one—for which
 “ reason I endeavour to share it with
 “ others.” —

“ BUT there are some woes beyond
 “ the reach of humanity to relieve,”
 — said the stranger, sighing.

THE CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

“ **W**HY those tears, my Julia?”
—said I—for the crystal
drops ran trembling down her cheeks.

MRS. MARY KENDALL.

“ That monument and inscription
“ struck so forcibly on my mind,”—
said she—“ that I could not help
“ paying the poor tribute of a tear
“ to the memory of the gentle
“ KENDALL.—“ Peace to the ashes
“ of the fair friends”—said I.—
“ May no rude spade ever part them,
“ who loved each other in life, and
“ whom death could not divide.”

THE CHAPEL OF ST. EDWARD.

HERE sleeps EDWARD—furnamed the Confessor.—It was he who first had the power, as historians assert, of curing the King's Evil. They tell us farther, that even his very tomb was endowed with a supernatural virtue of curing diseases of all kinds.

“THANK Heaven!”—said the stranger—“those days of bigotry, persecution, and superstition are over. A review of past times will make us regard the present with additional satisfaction. 'Tis true, we
“labour

“labour under hardships;—but liberty is our own. The poor of these times have reason to complain—But by retrenching a few of our luxurious expences, the burden might be lightened.”——

EDITHA, ST. EDWARD'S QUEEN.

QUEEN EDITHA—the pious daughter of a bad father—pity, that her virtues could not procure her a monument.

QUEEN MAUD, surnamed the GOOD.

HERE too rests the Queen of HENRY THE FIRST. “Poor Queen! born to suffer the severest trials! Thy children shipwrecked!—All thy
amiable

amiable charity and humility could not purchase thee a monument to distinguish thy remains from the vulgar."

By a Latin epitaph on this excellent princess, which has been handed down to us, her character appears pleasing and worthy example: the last lines of which epitaph say,

"Supreme humility was awful grace;

"And her chief charms a bashfulness
"of face."

"Such charms," cried the stranger, "are now entirely out of fashion.

"A blush that once was reckoned
"becoming, and a proof of modesty,

"is

“ is now stigmatized with the name
 “ of awkward— ridiculous — horrid
 “ rusticity.”

MANY more kings and queens have left their crowns— forgotten all their cares, — and in this chapel are contented to rest their heads upon the bosom of their mother earth. More sound and easy are their slumbers, than when they rested on their beds of down. If they are permitted from their everlasting habitations to view the inhabitants of this world, I dare say, they look down with an eye of *pity* on the wearers of those crowns which once were theirs.

THE CORONATION CHAIR.

“It looks an uneasy seat,” said I
 — “and the make and materials dis-
 — cover its antiquity. It was once gilt,
 — and is, when used, covered with
 — ornaments, and has its advantages
 — and honours. Yet, with all its
 — trappings, many a subject can boast
 — a more easy seat.”

WE went into some other chapels, according to the directions of our guide, and then entered the open parts of the abbey, where we soon found ourselves amongst the remains of our celebrated Poets.

JOHN DRYDEN.

“ THE man who could make kings
 “ immortal, and raise triumphal
 “ arches to heroes, *wanted* a poor
 “ square foot of stone to shew where
 “ the ashes of one of the greatest
 “ Poets that ever was upon earth
 “ were deposited.” At length, his
 Grace the duke of Buckingham

raised oneto his memory, beautiful and striking for its plainness and simplicity. What a lesson for mortals!

“ Who can think of ambition whilst
“ in this place,” said I, “ when even
“ such shining merit as Dryden’s,
“ but for one friendly hand, had
“ been suffered to moulder into obli-
“ vion with undistinguished dirt?”

’Tis a satisfaction to know where the remains of such a towering genius were deposited, and to see them preserved from a second mortality.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

“ THE Pindar, Horace, and Vir-
“ gil of the English nation.” The
respect

respect with which he was treated by all ranks of people, was a proof of the goodness of his heart.—May the wish inserted in his epitaph be answered! and his dust ever remain sacred and undisturbed, till that day arrives, which will summon every one from their resting-places,—

“ This place,” said the stranger,
 “ suits well with the serious humour
 “ we are in, this morning.” “ ’Tis
 “ a seriousness not disagreeable,” said
 I,—“ and the celebrated dead, by
 “ whom we are surrounded, still con-
 “ tinue to teach the lesson of wis-
 “ dom.”

BEN JONSON.

“ Oh! rare Ben Jonson!”

“ THAT short expression,” said the stranger, “ seems to convey at once
“ an idea of thy character. For wit
“ and humour thou hadst few equals.
“ Thou wert a favourite child of
“ Nature.—Peace be with thee.”

SAMUEL BUTLER.

“ POOR BUTLER,” said I, “ ’twas
“ pity thy genius, learning, and in-
“ tegrity, could not procure thee a
“ competent share of the good things
“ of the world, as well as a monu-
“ ment in this place. May the re-
“ verses

“ verses of fortune, and the poverty
 “ thou sufferedst, be amply rewarded
 “ by a crown of never-fading glory !
 “ We want neither torches, nor at-
 “ tendants, to find our way to the
 “ grave—’tis a beaten path—thou-
 “ sands are gone before—thousands
 “ will follow after.”

JOHN MILTON.

“ WHAT ten thousand beautiful
 “ and grand ideas, does that bit of
 “ marble convey to my mind !” said
 Julia. “ In life he experienced the
 “ *darkness* of the tomb—but even
 “ his dreary fate could not throw a
 “ damp upon his soaring soul. Tho’

"in darkness, he enlightened the
"world."

THOMAS SHADWELL—
MATTHEW PRIOR.

"THAT monument," said the
stranger, "is a proof of a son's duty
"and respect. Whilst Prior's stately
"monument seems to have been
"erected, if possible, to inform the
"world of the worth of the man to
"whose memory it was dedicated."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH what sad delight did we all
stop to take a view of the pleasing
figure, the elegant attitude of our
highly venerated Bard. So well
wrought

wrought the sculpture, so serious our
 attention, we almost imagined we saw
 him move. “Thou wert the ho-
 nour, as well as pride of Nature,”
 said I—“and such thou wilt ever re-
 main. This monument, if not
 equal to thy desert, does credit to
 those by whom it was designed—
 The ashes of Shakespeare will pre-
 serve it, and bid defiance to the
 hand of Time.”

NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq;

“I cannot read that inscription
 without tears,” said Julia. “It
 conveys such a pleasing view of
 that gentle spirit for whom it was
 written. Shakespeare and Rowe!—
 What an exalted pair! How much
 more

“ more to be envied were the sleep-
 “ ing father and his beloved daugh-
 “ ter, than the surviving widowed
 “ wife! What beauty had thy ex-
 “ pression, Rowe! What strength,
 “ what wit, and good-humour were
 “ ever thine! Thou didst take leave
 “ of life with indifference. None
 “ could ever flatter thee—because
 “ thy merit was superior to all
 “ praise.”

“ I admire the sensibility of your
 “ soul, my Julia,” said I—“ but I
 “ am wounded at seeing those tears.
 “ Why should we be sad and gloomy,
 “ because surrounded by the dead?
 “ Let us accustom ourselves to view
 “ this scene with a serious pleasure—

“ it

"it must be the termination of this
 "mortal state. A separation from
 "those we love is the sharpest sting
 "of death—But it is a consolation
 "to the survivor, that death and the
 "grave will not triumph for ever."

"I thank you, my beloved Frank-
 "ly,"—said she, smiling through her
 tears—"for conveying my thoughts
 "to so delightful a prospect. The
 "thoughts of never being separated
 "from you would add to the joys of
 "Heaven."

How pleasing such a confession
 was, I must leave for those to ima-
 gine, who have, like us, tasted the
 soft delights of mutual love.

JOHN

JOHN GAY.

EXCELLENT was thy genius, GAY
 —in farce, satire, pastoral, and fable,
 thou wert as great as pleasing.

“ I must confess,” said the stran-
 ger, “ I like not the epitaph written
 “ by Gay, so well as that written by
 “ his friend, Mr. Pope. There is
 “ something striking, and plainly ex-
 “ pressive of the sincerity of that
 “ friendship which had for several
 “ years subsisted between them. No-
 “ thing can be more excellently de-
 “ scribed than the natural and ac-
 “ quired beauties contained in the
 “ character before us. — Were not
 “ such men as Gay lamented, the in-
 “ habitants

"habitants of the world must be de-
 "void of sensibility."

"WHAT a number of Poets are
 "reposited beneath this noble struc-
 "ture!" said I—"by their own me-
 "rits entitled to a resting-place in
 "this sacred building, consecrated
 "to the royal, illustrious, great, and
 "celebrated dead! What multitudes
 "are indiscriminately mixed beneath
 "the earth we tread! They who
 "were once rivals for fame, are now
 "no longer so. Ambition has here
 "dropt her plume. Pride, folly,
 "and enmity are no more. Beauty
 "has here ended her triumph. Pa-
 "rents and children—kings and sub-
 "jects

"jects — soldiers and poets — lovers
 "and friends — rivals and enemies,
 "rest peaceably by each other, and
 "will no more dispute about trifles
 "and pre-eminence. — The grave
 "may have its rooms of state — but
 "the inhabitants of them must share
 "the same fate with the meanest
 "mortal. Were men often to con-
 "template such scenes as these, it
 "would surely cause a reformation in
 "the world."

JOHN DUKE OF ARGYLE
 AND GREENWICH.

"Thy virtues, great ARGYLE,"
 said the stranger, "do thee more ho-
 "nour than this thy magnificent mo-
 "nument.

“nument. Thou wast, indeed, a
 “public loss. Great in the senate as
 “in the field. — Wisdom and elo-
 “quence may properly be represent-
 “ed as mourning for their favourite
 “son.”

SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL.

THIS monument once gave offence
 to the great Mr. Addison. That is
 no reason it should do so to his fol-
 lowers. We came not here to disco-
 ver the beauties or defects of the
 sculpture, but to read the characters
 of the persons they commemorate.
 Sir Cloudesley Shovel boasts not of
 birth, but virtue. He rose by merit
 from

from obscurity. Though a sailor, he had none of that rugged humour in him which that class of men are generally noted for. Shipwrecked on the rocks of Scilly! 'twas a melancholy fate!—However—with Pope—I have learnt to think —“ Whatever is, is right.”

ANN FIELDING—CAROLA
HARSNET.

“ THE inscriptions on these monuments, Julia,” said I, “ does honour to your sex. The one was religious, virtuous, faithful, mild as a dove, and chaste. The other inherited an equal share of virtues.

“ Both

“Both were married to the same
 “man, and lived in the same heart—
 “both sleep in peace together.”

“Sure,” said the stranger, “Sir
 “Samuel Morland was the happiest
 “of husbands—the most miserable
 “of widowers : for when he reflected
 “on the mildness, patience, charity,
 “modesty, and piety of those he
 “had lost, with reason might he la-
 “ment his own misfortunes. Such
 “women must ever be honoured in
 “life, and happy in death.—I wish
 “Mr. Addison’s modest inscriptions
 “were all translated into English, for
 “the benefit of our modern fine
 “ladies.”

SIR GODFREY KNELLER, Knt.

A MAN who copied nature so exactly, that he might be said to equal, if not excel it. — But his epitaph, written by his friend Mr. Pope, at once unfolds the greatness of this great man.

“ Kneller, by Heaven, and not a master,

“ taught!

“ Whose art was nature, and whose

“ pictures thought;

“ Now for two ages having snatch’d

“ from fate

“ Whate’er was beauteous, or whate’er

“ was great,

“ Rests crown’d with princes’ honours,

“ poets’ lays,

“ Due to his merit, and brave thirst of

“ praise.

“ Living,

“Living, great Nature fear’d he might

“outvie

“Her works; and dying fears herself

“may die.”

GILBERT THORNBOROUGH, Esq;

An honest courtier.

“THAT was, indeed, a shining and
“uncommon character,” said the
stranger. “Faithful to God, his
“Prince, and Friends.” A copy of
this character ought to be hung up
in the drawing-room of kings.

LORD AUDLEY BEAUCLERK.

’Tis astonishing with what resolu-
tion and magnanimity the minds of
some men are endued! of which this

young lord gave a striking proof.
 What a loss was he to his country!
 How much to be lamented by those
 he died to defend!

“AMIALE in his person, steady
 in his affections, and equalled by few
 in the social and domestic virtues of
 politeness, modesty, candour, and be-
 nevolence.”

HAD he alone been the sacrifice in
 that memorable expedition, his royal
 master would have had reason to re-
 gret the success of his arms. How
 miserable must be the widow of such
 a blooming hero!—Could the trum-
 pet of Fame, which so loudly pro-
 claimed the fortitude and glory of
 her

her deceased lord, convey the least gleam of comfort to her soul?—I fear it could not.

WILLIAM CAVENDISH, DUKE
OF NEWCASTLE.

“By that stately monument, we are acquainted with the history of a tender, faithful wife. How much must her sweetness and attention soften the miseries of banishment, and cheer the solitary hours of the loyal duke! May such proofs of regard become the objects of general admiration!—’Tis pity conjugal love should ever be out of fashion.”

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

"GRAND and expressive is this
 "monument!" said I—"noble and
 "sublime the ideas it conveys.
 "Meant, no doubt, to perpetuate the
 "philosopher's fame—That is im-
 "mortal.—It gives one a high opi-
 "nion of the dignity of our nature,
 "by the certainty of one man's hav-
 "ing reached to such a towering
 "height of divine knowledge.

"MORTALS indeed have reason to
 "pride themselves in reflecting there
 "ever was so great an ornament to
 "the human race."

WE wandered some time longer
 in this noble repository of the dead,
 making

making our observations on those monuments whose inscriptions affected us the most—reflecting on the instability of all worldly grandeur, the uncertainty of life, the folly and madness of guilt.—Life is too short to give much of it to trifles—yet what spendthrifts are half the world!

“This place,” said the stranger,
 “would be more frequented; but it
 “naturally leads people to reflect
 “upon their follies and vices. With
 “so many *memento mori*’s before them,
 “it were impossible to avoid it.”

THE RETURN.

ON looking at our watches, we found that Time had stolen, unheeded, away. He ever was a cheat. We invited the stranger to accompany us home, that we might spend the remaining part of the day together. After some little hesitation he consented.

THE SURPRISE

NO sooner had we entered our house, than our three boys and Harriot flew to welcome us home. The stranger beheld our little family with pleasure and astonishment. "Is it possible"—cried he—"that after living so many years together, as these innocents convince me you have done, you still retain the generous passion of nineteen?—Has not matrimony rendered you less dear to each other?"—"Less dear!"—said I—with surprise equal to the stranger's—"how is that possible?—For ever blest be held that sacred

“ sacred day in which I was united to
 “ my Julia!—Every day since that
 “ auspicious one, has brought with it
 “ an increase of happiness. Few are
 “ the minutes in which discontent has
 “ stolen to my heart since this lady
 “ has been the keeper of it. Yet
 “ Fortune, till very lately, was not
 “ in a humour to smile upon us.”

“ You are the most extraordinary
 “ couple I ever met with,”—said
 our guest.

“ I am afraid”—cried Julia, with
 vivacity—“ that you, Sir, have long
 “ been conversant with, and a wit-
 “ ness to the infelicities of the mo-
 “ dern

“darn pairs—or why should you be
 “so surprised at finding people whose
 “love has survived the first years of
 “marriage? Mr. Frankly—although
 “he was the most obliging of lovers,
 “was very deceitful.”——

“How, Julia?”—said I——

“NAY,”—returned she—“I am
 “really in earnest. Every day since
 “we married, I think, I have dis-
 “covered some new virtue and ac-
 “complishment.—Believe me, Sir, I
 “was not sensible, when I was led to
 “the altar, of half the merits of the
 “man to whom I was just going to
 “vow obedience.”——

“Such

“Such cheats are seldom practised,
 “young lady,”—said the stranger.
 “In general, people run into the op-
 “posite extreme, and by endeavour-
 “ing to appear amiable, make deceit
 “hide a multitude of faults. I
 “mean not particularly to brand one
 “sex. To try, when lovers, to ap-
 “pear what we are not, is a fault
 “alike practised by both.”—
 “And indeed in almost every other
 “character in life, you and the world
 “seem at variance”—said I——

“But you and your family will
 “reconcile me to it again”—said the
 stranger.

The servants appearing with the
 dinner, interrupted our discourse.

THE FAREWELL.

WHEN we rose from table, the stranger prepared to take his leave of us—But before he went, inquired if we had ever been at a masquerade. I informed him we never had; but proposed going to that, as well as every other diversion the town afforded.—“Not that we shall continue followers of such pleasures,” said I—“for by tasting, I flatter myself we shall rather learn to dislike them.”

“I AM happy,” said the stranger, —“that chance has given me an opportunity of obliging those with whom,

“whom it has brought me acquaint-
 “ed—Here are four tickets for you
 “and your friends, which will intro-
 “duce you at a masquerade, given
 “by lord * * * *, on Monday next.
 “It is said there will be many hun-
 “dred masks. I shall be there—and
 “hope I shall be able to discover
 “you amidst the throng.”—

He kissed each of our children,
 and hastily withdrew, without inquir-
 ing what dresses we should wear, or
 acquainting us with his own; but
 promised to dine with us again that
 day three weeks.

“THERE is something in this
 “stranger”—said I—“that I ad-
 “mire,

“mire, and dislike.—His manner is
 “striking, elegant, and pleasing—
 “but he judges of mankind like a
 “Cynic. Perhaps he has met with
 “disappointments. Ingratitude may
 “have wounded his heart—yet I hope
 “to be farther acquainted with
 “him.”

“BUT as to this masquerade”—
 said my Julia—“I should like to be
 “there—yet hardly dare think of
 “assuming any character.” “Then
 “you must not go,”—said I—“I
 “will call upon the amiable lady
 “D****,”—said she—“and en-
 “deavour to prevail on her and Sir
 “Henry to accept our tickets, and
 “ask

"ask her advice about dresses, &c."
 —I smiled assent—and the next day
 the two ladies, Sir Henry, and myself,
 settled every thing for the occasion."

THE MASQUERADE.

THE day arrived—Lady D***

and Sir Henry came to our house in the afternoon, in order to accompany us. At the hour appointed we went in high spirits. Julia made her appearance as Leonora in the Padlock. The artless simplicity of that character exactly suited hers. She had a little bird on her hand, which was too tame and fond of its mistress to regard the crowd.—I wore the dress of a Spaniard—and by that means had an opportunity of—as well as an excuse for—keeping near my wife the whole evening.— Lady

D*** was in the habit of a nun, of the order of St. Francis. Sir Henry D*** wore a domino. He had a plume of white feathers on his hat, fastened by a large diamond buckle.

MINERVA.

THE first character that particularly attracted my notice, was a lady, who appeared as the goddess of Wisdom. I felt pity rise in my heart. “What
 “ a task has that fair one imposed
 “ upon herself!” said I—“yet why
 “ should I pity what appears an ob-
 “ ject of so much envy? I will ad-
 “ dress her.”

“ THAT Minerva deigns to grace
 “ and countenance this assembly with
 “ her presence, is surely an honour
 “ that must fill every bosom with de-
 “ light. May she have influence to
 “ restrain every irregular desire!—and
 “ may every one here find improve-
 “ ment from her divine company.”

“ HAD I the power you ascribe to
 “ me,” said she, haughtily, “ it would
 “ prevent me from being troubled
 “ with so much impertinence.”—

She turned away her face. Wisdom
 never wore a less pleasing aspect.

I WAS sorry to find Minerva in so
 bad a temper—and, bowing, told

her how much her reproofs had wounded me—and that unless she smiled, I feared, a general silence would prevail—But I knew not the humours of the place.

HARLEQUIN.

“TAKE off that envious veil”—cried a Harlequin, addressing lady D***, “and become my Colombine. We shall certainly shine. I already feel the power of your charms in spite of that cloud. Return my passion—and no power on earth shall divide us.”

“You seem to have so great a share of folly,”—said she—“that I doubt
“not

“not but you will be able to enter-
 “tain the company at your own ex-
 “pence, without my assistance.”

“If your heels are as nimble as
 “your tongue”—said he—“you are
 “much better calculated for a Co-
 “lombine than a nun. Have you
 “no faith in the magic wand?”

SHE had recourse to her beads.

THE FRIAR.

“LET that sacred veil”—said a
 jolly friar—“protect the lady from
 “thy bold approaches.”

“SHE is an hypocrite,” said the
 Harlequin—“May her penance be
 “severe.” He ran off.

“THANK you, my good father,”
said the nun—“for your timely ap-
“ pearance. It has releas’d me from
“ the impertinence of a coxcomb.”

“ Daughter,” — said he — “ why
“ didst thou leave the walls of thy
“ convent, and trust thyself near that
“ tempter Man, without the protec-
“ tion of thy grate? — Methinks I
“ should rejoice to hear thee make
“ confession.”

“ I DARE say, you would ;” — said
she, laughing — “ but I will confess
“ my sins to none but those who have
“ a power to pardon them. Your
“ habit, as well as mine, seems to want
“ an excuse — Therefore let not ano-
“ ther’s

“ther’s mistake tempt you to forget
“your own.”

THE OLD WOMAN.

LORD *****, in the character of
an old woman, inquired if he might
become Duenna to the fair Leonora.
“You may trust to my care, Sir,”—
cried he, humorously.—I told him,
I was a Spaniard only in dress—That
I wanted neither bolts, padlocks, or
Duennas—trusting to the virtue of
my Leonora, and to the dictates of
her own heart.

“Excuse my mistake, Sir,”—cried
he—“I want employment; and
“should have been mightily pleased

“to take the charge of that fair one.
 “Some people wear a mask to shew
 “their real character.”

“But I wear a mask to hide
 “mine,”—said I.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

“How I envy the situation of that
 “little bird,”—cried the represen-
 tative of a king.

“Is it possible”—said the ficti-
 tious Leonora—“that a state of fla-
 “very should be envied by a mo-
 “narch?”

“CAN it be slavery to own the
 “fair Leonora for a mistress?”—
 cried

cried he—"her chains must be worn
"with pleasure."

"I ENDEAVOUR to make my pretty
"Robin's life as happy as possible,"
—she replied: "The confinement
"I impose upon him, demands it
"from me."

"TAKE me, and use me as you
"please,"—said he—"I will never
"complain. I will always be your
"slave."

"I CANNOT accept your offer,"—
said she—"the name would deprive
"me of the use of power."

"CAN you be contented with that
"grave, haughty Spaniard? Let us
"make

“ make use of the present moment, and
 “ leave his jealous worship to tyrannise
 “ over a less beauteous Leonora.”

“ Your dress and words do not
 “ correspond,”—said she. “ I feel a
 “ horror at the sight of that august
 “ character you represent. Cruelty
 “ and inconstancy were his character-
 “ istics. You must not expect to
 “ be a successful lover in that dress.
 “ A crown does not carry with it
 “ charms for all.—Remember the
 “ names of Catharine and Anne—
 “ and leave me to be pleased with
 “ the jealous dulness of my Spa-
 “ niard.”

He withdrew with a sigh.

A

A FLOWER GIRL.

"LET me have a bunch of thy
"flowers"—said I—"I will pay any
"price for them."

"PROMISE to remember the
"giver,"—said she—"and I will
"make you a present of this nose-
"gay."

"DRAW aside that envious mask
"then, and I will promise. With-
"out that I should make a blind
"bargain."

"TAKE the flowers then without
"the promise,"—cried she, laugh-
"ing—"Your gravity, good Mr. Spa-
"niard,

“ niard, would be much disappointed.

“ Delusion has its pleasures. You

“ may now fancy, that these roses

“ are rivalled by those on my cheeks.”

I took the nosegay, and presented it to Leonora.

“ Is it so you value my favours ?”
said she, pretending to be angry.

“ CAN I pay you a higher compliment, fair maid,” — said I —
“ than to purchase them a place in
“ the bosom of innocence and virtue.
“ May all your flowers be trans-
“ planted to as sweet a garden ; then
“ will happiness be your reward.”

THE

THE DEVIL.

“BLESS me!” cried Leonora—
 “who would have suspected the
 “Devil to be in this place? Even
 “my poor Robin seems in a flutter.”

“WHY should you fear me, fair
 “Leonora?”—said the Devil—“I
 “have humanized my form as much
 “as possible, and have ever been a
 “friend to your sex since my ac-
 “quaintance first began with your
 “grandmother Eve.”

“You are a complaisant devil,”
 —said I—“let us be better ac-
 “quainted.”

“AGREED,”

"AGREED,"—cried he—"What
 "are your commands? I wish not to
 "flight any one—and I can assure
 "you, badly as I am treated by
 "some, my acquaintance is much
 "courted by others."

"SINCE I find your infernal high-
 "ness in such good humour,"—said
 "I—and inclined to speak the truth,
 "I should be glad to know the real
 "characters of some that are in this
 "place, and what your opinion is of
 "the present times."

"You have imposed a task upon
 "me," said he, "that I own puz-
 "zles even the Devil himself. How-

"ever,

“ ever, as I would not choose to lose
 “ so fertile a subject, I will do my
 “ best. You cannot afterwards re-
 “ fuse to serve so kind and indulgent
 “ a sovereign.

“ To begin.—In this place there
 “ are both men and women who wear
 “ disguises, that they may appear
 “ what they really are, and give a
 “ loose to their passions and humours,
 “ without the danger of a discovery ;
 “ —others to appear what they are
 “ not—that they may gain some
 “ small respect in masquerade—by
 “ the dress of consequence and osten-
 “ tation—because they cannot in
 “ their real characters ;—others to in-
 “ dulge

“dulge a freedom of expression, and
 “a looseness of manners, which sex,
 “interest, or pride, hinders them
 “from doing at all other times.”

“MANY in this place lay aside
 “greatness to wear the dress of foot-
 “men, milkmaids, &c. — pleased
 “with the novelty of being treated
 “with the familiarities of their in-
 “feriors. And it is possible, by so
 “doing, they may hear the voice
 “of truth.”

THE MILKMAID.

“DID you ever see a more artless
 “appearance than that female makes
 “in the simple habit she has chosen.
 “Her

“ Her simplicity is merely external.

“ The heart of that woman is a con-

“ trast to the whiteness of her dress :

“ and in spite of the youthful appear-

“ ance she often wears, she is only an

“ old picture new painted.” “ Yet

“ the dress of innocence is pleasing

“ to her,—or she would not wear it

“ even here,” said I.

THE DANCING-MASTER.

“ WHEN the Devil preaches, the

“ world must be nearly at an end.”

—“ Mind him not, good Don

Diego,”—cried the nimble-footed

gentleman, in a squeaking voice

—“ He would make you believe the

“ greatest part of mankind are prime

“ ministers

“ ministers to Death and his Highness.

“ I am inclined to think, from what

“ I have heard, that he is what he

“ represents.”

AWAY he scampered,—as if really
afraid he had spoke the truth.

“ AND thou art welcome to think
“ so still,”—cried the Devil, with the
greatest calmness and philosophy imaginable.—“ That thing is one of the
“ modern fine gentlemen, who is
“ more eager to discover the path
“ which leads to infamy, than that
“ which would conduct him to
“ honour.”

TAMERLANE.

“THERE goes one of your right
 “honourable libertines. How un-
 “worthy the habit he wears! Yet
 “the nobleness and elegance of his
 “person prepossess almost every one
 “in his favour. It has been a dan-
 “gerous allurements. Many an un-
 “happy female has fallen a captive to
 “that figure—and then an easy vic-
 “tim to his arts. Ah! Belvidera!
 “he robbed thee of thy virgin ho-
 “nours, and then abandoned thee to
 “all the horrors of wretched po-
 “verty—Not one friend was left to
 “cheer thy drooping heart.”

THE Devil sighed.

K 2

“PARDON

“PARDON the supposition,”—said
 I—“but I am rather inclined to
 “think, even your Highness has felt
 “the power of love—Or why
 “that sigh?—Was Tamerlane your
 “rival?”—

“You are mistaken,” said he—
 “Yet I was once a lover. But al-
 “though I will grant your request,
 “by giving you a history of a few
 “of my friends, I shall not favour
 “you with my own.—See you not
 “that genteel female, with the white
 “fatten jacket, and diamond but-
 “tons?—That is the beautiful
 “Calista—of a noble family. She
 “is the last victim to Tamerlane’s
 “base

“base arts—and now his favourite
 “Sultana, Observe with what joy
 “she meets the man who has levelled
 “her with the most infamous of her
 “sex.—Short will be thy triumph,
 “fair Calista ! The man is a second
 “Judas, and deserves *his* fate.”

O S M Y N.

“Don’t pretend to vindicate the
 “sex,”—cried a fictitious Osmyn.
 “A man would almost be content
 “to go to the Devil, could he be sure
 “of avoiding them.”—

“THAT gentleman”—said the
 Devil—“was once a favoured lover
 “with Calista—till yon base spoiler

“ stole her from his arms. And still
 “ he loves the fair deceiver too well
 “ to lift his hand against her favour-
 “ rite. Too late will Calista see the
 “ wretched contrast ;—too late regret
 “ the loss of him whose soul was
 “ filled with true honour—one who
 “ told his love with the voice of
 “ truth.”

TWO FEMALE GIPSIES.

“ WILL you have your fortune
 “ told ?”—said one of them, who had
 a child in her arms, addressing a cha-
 rity boy. “ I have no money to pay
 “ you for your trouble,”—said he.—
 “ Then I cannot afford to lose any
 “ time

“time in endeavouring to unfold the
“mystery of your fate.”

“Will you tell me mine?”—

“said I—“my pockets are not quite

“empty.”—“How is your heart?”

—“said she. “Not an ungenerous

“one.”—“Then it would be pity,” she

returned, “to deprive any worthy

“object of its bounty, by explaining

“a fate which I fear will attend

“you. Sixty and fifteen is so unequal

“a match, that you must expect to

“wear a pair of horns.”—She went

laughing away at her own smartness.

“She judges of others by herself—

“if I am not greatly mistaken, she

“married a man old enough to be

“her father,” said the Devil, “and
 “paid him the same compliment,
 “which she thinks is so justly your
 “due.”

MARRIAGE is too often, in this
 age, made use of as a cloak, that
 people may have a privilege of play-
 ing the truant from virtue.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

“THAT man,” said the Devil,
 “is one who would, like Richard,
 “stop at nothing to gratify his pride,
 “ambition, and avarice. Every fa-
 “culty of his soul and body is em-
 “ployed in the pursuit of pleasure,
 “or rather sorrow—In short, he
 “might,

“might, with some appearance of
 “justice, claim a distinguished place
 “in my kingdom for his inheritance.”

WILKES.

“THERE goes one,” said the
 Devil, “who is a poor representa-
 “tive of my son, Wilkes. He en-
 “deavours to copy him, that he may
 “learn the sentiments of those with
 “whom he converses.—He will find
 “himself mistaken, and will only get
 “abused for the disguise he wears.”

“THE patriot seems to be a favou-
 “rite with your infernal majesty,”
 said I.

THE

THE Devil smiled, and muttered something, which, as I could not distinctly understand, I dare not pretend to explain.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

“THAT elegant, simple dress,” said Julia, “conveys an idea of happiness.”

“How unable are mortals to judge from appearances!”—said the Devil. “It conceals pride, folly, and depravity—for the simplicity which you admire in that female, fair Leonora, is merely external.”

JERRY

JERRY SNEAK.

“ A VERY Bruin,” cried the Devil,
 “ who exults in his cleverness for
 “ having fixt upon a character so di-
 “ rectly opposite to his own.—Whilst,
 “ despicable as he now appears, his
 “ wife would have reason to rejoice
 “ were he Jerry Sneak in reality.”

THE INDIAN CHIEF.

“ THAT dress conceals a heart that
 “ surely feels perpetual anguish—
 “ a heart that an honest black
 “ would scorn to own. That man
 “ is *****, who has long carried
 “ on the infamous trade of buying
 “ and felling his fellow-creatures.
 “ With

“ With what misery has he filled the
 “ bosoms of many ! What real tra-
 “ gedies has he caused ! Lovers, pa-
 “ rents, children, and friends, has
 “ he torn from each other’s embraces,
 “ without shedding the tear of
 “ mercy.” “ The wretch’s heart is
 “ surely gold,” — said I. — “ Yet he
 “ wears a face bold as justice, serene
 “ as innocence,” — returned the Devil,
 “ —and has acquired an immense
 “ fortune. Nor will his conscience
 “ ever find him, I believe, till he is
 “ beyond the grave, when he may
 “ depend upon its laying claim to a
 “ long account. No shuffling will
 “ then avail—in vain will he frame
 “ evasions,

“ evasions, or have recourse to his
 “ usual shifts.”

I BEGAN to grow tired of the ill-
 nature with which my companion
 spoke of every one he knew—and
 was tempted to doubt his veracity—
 —when I was agreeably surpris’d to
 find that even the Devil would do
 merit justice, and was forced to ac-
 knowledge and admire the charms
 of unfullied virtue and never fading
 honour.

THE VESTAL.

“ OBSERVE that figure,”—cried the
 Devil, in a rapture;—“ There you
 “ may be convinced that true ele-

“ gance is to be found without the
 “ borrowed aid of gold and dia-
 “ monds. With reluctance does that
 “ young beauty mix in these assem-
 “ blies—But her own purity and
 “ blooming innocence will ever be
 “ her guards against the bold, licen-
 “ tious libertine.”

TANCRED and SIGISMUNDA.

“ NEVER were two more real
 “ lovers than that gentleman and
 “ lady—Happy as the first pair be-
 “ fore they forfeited the sweets of
 “ Paradise. The world to them is a
 “ wide extended Eden, from which
 “ they cull the flowers that have no
 “ thorn.—Though placed in an ex-

I

“ alted

" alted situation, love alone was the
 " bribe which made them solicit the
 " aid of Hymen. Happy in them-
 " selves, they are ever ready to con-
 " tribute to the happiness of others.
 " Half the year they spend in retire-
 " ment—the other half they mix with
 " the world :—But are such an old-
 " fashioned pair as seldom to be seen
 " in different parties. Sigismunda
 " thinks her Tancred the best and
 " most accomplished of his sex—and
 " the greatest part of mankind, in
 " spite of the charms of malevolence
 " and detraction, admire what they
 " cannot imitate, and are proud of
 " his acquaintance—whilst they blush
 " at the difference which virtue and
 " vice

“ vice make between man and man.
 “ —Tancred thinks with equal justice of his Sigismunda. Her bosom
 “ is as free from guilt as her fair face
 “ from a fault—for Tancred alone
 “ she wishes to live, and studies the
 “ art to please. Thus, on earth they
 “ taste the joys of heaven.”——

“ SHEW me such another pair,”
 cried I, with rapture ;—“ the felicity
 “ of others is a grateful treat.”

“ You are an unreasonable man,”
 —said the Devil.

THE DUTCHMAN and QUAKER.

“ OBSERVE that pair—they are a
 “ striking contrast to that we just be-
 “ fore

“ fore mentioned. The husband, at
 “ the age of twenty, sacrificed him-
 “ self to old age, folly, ugliness, and
 “ ill-humour—because forty thou-
 “ sand pounds were added to the ca-
 “ talogue. Whenever he looks at
 “ the face of his wife, it reminds him
 “ of his grave. The lady, hoping
 “ to please her young husband, dresses
 “ as gaudy as the butterfly,—gives
 “ herself all the airs of youth,—is
 “ violently fond, jealous, and of
 “ course ever suspicious. Blest with
 “ a happy volubility of speech, she is
 “ continually tormenting him with
 “ her fears, complaints, and pretend-
 “ ed injuries.—In short, she is deter-
 “ mined to make good the old pro-

“ verb, which says, “ There is no
 “ peace for the wicked.”—Mynheer is
 “ justly served, for voluntarily giving
 “ up all the joys of life—wronging an
 “ innocent girl, who really loved him
 “ —and then basely leaving her to
 “ contend with a frowning world—
 “ struggling with poverty — and
 “ meanly sacrificing himself, and his
 “ peace, to that toothless harridan,
 “ whose whole fortune he would now
 “ gladly part with, could it purchase
 “ him a ransom from the bands of
 “ wedlock.—But it will not be;—for
 “ the discontent he feels, makes him
 “ run into excesses that will, in all
 “ probability, give the old lady an
 “ oppor-

“ opportunity of figuring in widow’s
“ weeds.”

THE OLD ENGLISHMAN.

“ WHAT graceful, venerable figure,
“ is that?” cried I, “ in the old
“ English dress?”—“ That conceals
“ one”—said the Devil—“ that has
“ as many virtues, and as many oddi-
“ ties, as any man living.—Misfor-
“ tunes occasioned the latter;—it is
“ Sir William Selby—but he is sel-
“ dom known by his title. He has
“ been deceived in marriage—mal-
“ treated by relations—injured by
“ many—his merit disregarded, be-
“ cause he could not bring himself to
“ comply with the humours of a
L 2 “ court.

“court. Apt to suspect every one,
 “he seldom appears what he really
 “is—and is oftener to be found
 “amongst the inferior part of man-
 “kind than with his equals.—I must
 “now bid you farewell,” said the
 Devil, “as I have business with
 “many in this place.”—I parted
 from him with reluctance.

On looking around, I observed
 the venerable old Englishman talk-
 ing to my Julia. I joined them.—
 “You must not judge from appear-
 “ances, Sir,”—said she.—“I know
 “it, fair lady,”—he replied;—“but
 “there is sometimes a pleasure in
 “being deceived,”—“Yet, ’tis a
 “pleasure

“pleasure”—said I—“few wish to
“enjoy ;—for the delusion is too
“often attended with real pain.”—

“HE that has nothing to trust to,
“shall be left by the Devil himself
“in time of need.”—“But I beg your
“pardon for abusing your acquaint-
“ance.”—“There is no offence,”—
said I ;—“our acquaintance ended al-
“most as soon as it began. Nei-
“ther of us professed friendship.”—
“Then you will neither of you have
“an opportunity to betray,”—said
he.—I began to think the Devil was
a faithful historian.

“TRUTH is almost a stranger
“upon earth :—She is too plain to be

“admired. Reason has lately lost
 “her eyes—and the name of Honour,
 “which was once held sacred, is now
 “become a cloak for almost every
 “villany.” “Some there are,” said
 I, “when past the pleasures of life
 “themselves, that cannot bear to see
 “others taste the joys *they* once did,
 “and which they have no longer any
 “relish for.”—“But that is not the
 “case with me,”—he returned;—
 “if it were, I should not mix in such
 “assemblies as these. I have suf-
 “fered from the deceit of others,—
 “often been the dupe of my own
 “credulity,—and wounded by the
 “vices I never practised.—Whilst I
 “wish all mankind to be amused, I
 “grieve

“grieve at seeing them such slaves
 “to folly—and by endeavouring to
 “remove the mask, I am regarded
 “as a snarling monster.”

THE MAD FRENCHMAN.

“YOUR nation are all mad-men,
 “Monsieur,” said I,—“therefore
 “this dress was needless.”—“Yet
 “the inhabitants of this kingdom”
 —he returned—“are all so good-na-
 “tured, and peaceable, that they will
 “suffer insults and injuries from any
 “other, rather than be mad them-
 “selves.”—I never converse on poli-
 tics, and therefore left the mad-man
 that would.

THE BALLAD-SINGER.

“YOURS is a poor trade,”—said I.—“Though I cannot sing, I will “buy one of your songs, because I “love to encourage honest industry.” —“Mine is a merry trade, although “it is a poor one,”—replied the ballad-singer, “and others partake “my cheerfulness.”—He retired, bawling out, “God save Great “George our King,” &c.—I admired his loyalty and spirit, and was tempted to think he was in reality what he seemed.—The Devil, who just then passed by me, whispered in my ear—“That is a friend of Lord “B——.”

THE

THE MONK.

HE was drest in just such a habit as was worn by the venerable mendicant who once solicited my friend Yorick for charity. Imagination often forms visionary scenes that charm itself. So strongly was the likeness impressed,—so immediately was the whole of that well-painted event brought afresh to my mind, that I offered the poor Monk a pinch of snuff, in hopes he would have pulled out his horn-box. He did not refuse the offer—neither did he praise the snuff; but silently received the overtures which I made of becoming acquainted. I was disappointed—yet

I was

I was determined his silence should not prevent my speaking.—“ We appear to be of different nations,” —said I,—“ but if so, we all sprang from the same family at first. I am taught by Nature, and the religion I profess, to be the friend of every one that appears to be in distress, and would gladly soften the rigour with which you seem treated both by religion and fortune.”——

“ My appearance, and pretended poverty,” cried he, with anger, “ have given you an opportunity of shewing your pride, and making an offer which you know would
“ not

“not be accepted.—I believe we
 “both appear what we are not.”—
 He left me.

WHY will people wear such humble garments—when such haughtiness—such a disrelish for the pleasing and noble association of friendship and conversation are rankling in their hearts.—But my wonder soon ceased—for I was informed the pretended monk was a celebrated nabob, just returned rich with the gleanings of the East, the spoils of oppression—who, I began to fear, had made use of the sacred habit of religion as a kind of shelter from his own sins, or at least from the reflections and
 attacks

attacks of those around. Truth sometimes appears at masquerades. Gracious God! how different this man from the poor monk, from whose grave Yorick plucked the nettle, and for whom his gentle spirit mourned with a sincerity that I believe made the grateful incense ascend even to that Heaven, where his humble friend reigned in triumph.

THE WITCH.

“WHAT is become of your lord
 “and master?”—said the Witch to
 the Nun — “for I know who you
 “are, and that you have taken the
 “vows

“ vows of obedience, instead of those
 “ of celibacy. Let us make the most
 “ of the present time. You may now
 “ discover your hated rival in the
 “ arms of your husband, and with a
 “ faithful lover forget your injuries.
 “ They met here by appointment.”
 —“ Happy be their meeting!”—
 cried the gentle Nun—“ but know,
 “ base defamer, I credit not such in-
 “ fernal tales. I will have no other
 “ lover than my husband—nor ever
 “ put my peace in the power of de-
 “ traction. You are, I believe, no
 “ stranger to my person, although
 “ you are to my mind—But, for the
 “ future, remember, never to address
 “ thy artful tales to a virtuous wife
 “ —I

“ —I wish not to restrain the pleasures of Sir Henry D***.” — The Witch went away, muttering curses. The fair Nun seemed affected ; and I entreated her and my Julia to accompany me to a seat, where I might procure them some refreshment.

THE HAYMAKER.

“ Your mind”—said I, addressing a female with a rake in her hand—
“ seems as innocent and pleasing as
“ your employment. You have a
“ *rake* in your hand—take care, fair
“ maid, you never admit one to your
“ heart.”

“ I THANK you for your caution,”
said she—“ whether well meant or not,

“ —but at a masquerade we must
 “ not judge either from people’s con-
 “ versation or appearance.” —

“ Nor always” — I returned —
 “ from what they appear even with-
 “ out a mask ; — therefore, we can
 “ never be too much upon our
 “ guard.” —

SHE left me, and immediately en-
 tered into conversation with the man
 in the moon.

THE WATCHMAN, AND DARBY
 AND JOAN.

“ PAST twelve o’clock” — bawled
 the Watchman. — “ Time has no busi-
 “ ness here,” said a Darby, who had
 his

his Joan by his side—"But he has
 "been busy with you,"—replied the
 Watchman—"and 'tis astonishing
 "you should make choice of this
 "place to bring such a load of in-
 "firmities—take up your cross, good
 "Darby, and walk home—it would
 "surely be much better for you."—
 "I have no cross,"—he returned;—
 "my Joan has been for years the
 "stay and comfort of my life—she
 "is now the support of my old age."
 —"I have a great mind to have you
 "secured,"—said the Watchman—
 "for coming here to put almost all
 "the married folks out of coun-
 "tenance."——

TOM

TOM FOOL.

FOOLS used to be smart, and once had the liberty of saying what they pleased, when distinguished by their caps and bells. — “ I envy, whilst I
 “ pity you,”—said I, addressing him.
 — “ What creates your pity ?” —
 said he. — “ Your being a fool.” —
 “ What raises your envy ?” — “ Your
 “ being insensible of those calamities,
 “ which so often distress people en-
 “ dued with a greater share of sensi-
 “ bility :—So that as you were always
 “ a stranger to those very refined de-
 “ lights, which constitute some hours

" of happiness, you have likewise
 " been a stranger to their attendant
 " woes."—" You mistake the matter
 " quite," said he—" I was not born
 " a fool; but became one from the
 " time I turned patriot, and lost my
 " senses with bawling out, Wilkes,
 " Liberty, and No. 45.—I am not so
 " insensible as you imagine—for at
 " this instant I am wounded at the
 " thoughts of such a vast number
 " of my old friends, who have ex-
 " perience the same loss in the same
 " mad cause."—" The sarcasm is
 " just," said I;—" patriotic fury keeps
 " no company with reason."

THE

THE GREEK SULTANA.

“What fine figure is that?”—whispered Leonora to the Nun.—“’Tis lady Highmore,”—she returned,—“and well does it suit the haughtiness of her soul. Miss Conyers, who presents a Greek slave, and follows in her train, informed me of her design.”—“I will address the gentleman Conyers,”—said I.

THE GREEK SLAVE.

“EVEN the habit of slavery, when worn by thee, sweet maid, becomes pleasing—thy simple dress has greater attractions, than all the art and expence bestowed on that Sul-

“ tana’s.”—“ That seems the speech
 “ of a generous Englishman, rather
 “ than of a Spaniard,” — said she.
 “ My dress is humble, and therefore
 “ suited to my fate — it speaks me
 “ what I really am — the sport of for-
 “ tune.” — “ Fortune must be merely
 “ a game of chance,” — cried I; —
 “ there is no other way to reconcile
 “ us to her strange humours ; — but
 “ remember, every creature on this
 “ earth is subject to care and disap-
 “ pointment. Speak your sorrows,
 “ and in Frankly you shall find a
 “ friend.” — “ That I was no stranger
 “ to the person I conversed with, the
 “ freedom with which I spoke my
 “ sentiments was a proof. Lady

“D*** informed me of the habit
 “you intended to wear. The next
 “hour may not be my own—I will
 “therefore arrest the present mo-
 “ment, to tell you I am unfortu-
 “nate,—and beg that I may some-
 “times be permitted to call upon you
 “and Mrs. Frankly.—Allow me to
 “reveal my sorrows—unfold my
 “fears—Advice, Sir, is all I have to
 “ask.”—

“You will be a welcome visitor,”
 said I;—“my Julia’s arms and heart
 “will be open to receive you.—May
 “we be able to lighten the burden
 “of your sorrows.”—“I dare not
 “stay to thank you,”—she replied;—

“ what Sultana would dispense with
 “ the attendance of her slaves?”—

SHE left me—but no sooner had she
 joined the train, than she sunk lifeless
 into the arms of some of her com-
 panions. Lady *** and my Julia
 would have flown to her assistance,
 but were fearful of suspicion. The
 cause of this bustle was explained by
 lady ***.—

THE DOMINO.

“ THAT graceful figure in the do-
 “ mino, is captain Manly. He once
 “ loved, or pretended to love, the
 “ fair Conyers. Unfortunately, lady
 “ Highmore took a fancy to the
 “ bloom-

“ blooming hero, whose sword is his
 “ only fortune. Her rank—her estate,
 “ which is near five thousand pounds
 “ a year, were dangerous tempta-
 “ tions. He reflected on his own
 “ poverty—on that of the lovely Con-
 “ yers—’twas a dreary prospect!—
 “ He is now become lady High-
 “ more’s professed admirer. Her
 “ ladyship—proud of her conquest,
 “ —sensible of the favours she has
 “ conferred on her humble friend,
 “ and of her dependence upon her
 “ for bread—meanly detesting her
 “ for the impression she once made
 “ on the heart of the man she loves—
 “ keeps her for the sake of being a
 “ wretched victim to her triumph.—

"The captain's heart bleeds at the
 "misery he sees her suffer—but which
 "he cannot, durst not strive to alle-
 "viate. Already in debt—a slave to
 "pleasure and its gaudy train—his
 "love and resolution are swallowed
 "up by the fears of poverty.—Poor
 "Jessa, I am afraid, will fall a vic-
 "tim to his falsehood, and the cruel-
 "ty of her friend. Innumerable are
 "the insults she daily receives—but
 "the tender homage with which she
 "sees Manly treat her rival, is the
 "arrow that pierces her heart." We
 joined the crowd.

"LET that troublesome creature
 "be carried home,"—cried the un-
 feeling

feeling Sultana ;—“ I wanted her not
 “ to attend me here.”—“ She surely
 “ must not be sent home alone—’tis
 “ dangerous,”—said the captain.—
 “ Do you attend her then.” She
 turned from him with disdain—he
 followed her to make his peace.—
 Poor Jessa withdrew with a female
 friend.

THE SAILOR.

“ So, Miss,”—cried the sailer to
 Leonora,—“ you seem mainly fond
 “ of that little simple bird, and your
 “ fine rigging—Are you as pleased
 “ too with that old Don, with his
 “ bars, and his bolts, and his pad-
 “ locks?”—“ Why do you ask such
 “ an

“an impertinent question?”—“Be-
 “cause I am an honest sailor;—and
 “if you’ll give the word of com-
 “mand, will trip up the heels of
 “old Square-toes, and run away
 “with you myself.”—“A mighty
 “pretty propofal!” cried she, laugh-
 ing:—“You seem as rough and boif-
 “terous as your favourite element—
 “perhaps you are as uncertain too.”
 —“Nay, nay,” said he, “if you
 “don’t like me, why there’s an end
 “to the bargain at once:—I a’n’t for
 “making losing voyages, d’ye see.
 “What say you, Mrs. Nun, to an
 “honest Tar?”—“Nothing at all,”
 —said she;—“what, you are deter-
 “mined, I suppose, to make love to

“every female you meet—my vows
 “are already made.”—“Then, in
 “God’s name, keep them,”—said
 he;—“I shall meet with a kind-
 “hearted damsel by and by, I hope
 “—but heartily with the Devil had
 “all these paper faces.”—

“I OBSERVE, that whatever people
 “dislike, they are for sending to me,”
 cried the fictitious Devil, gliding past
 us—“and undoubtedly I shall one
 “day thank them for all their fa-
 “vours.”

“OH, ho! master, are you there?”
 bawled the sailor—“then I am in bet-
 “ter company than I expected,
 “damme!

"damme! The way to Heaven has
 "been taxed for some time—but till
 "this evening I did not know that
 "to H— was."

A DISCOVERY.

THE ladies grew tired—and I rejoiced at it—but Sir Henry D*** was not to be found.—"Let us go in pursuit of him," said I. Accordingly we did—and saw him in the next apartment, earnestly conversing with a most captivating figure, in the character of Jane Shore. Her dress was rich, and attracting beyond description—her ornaments elegant, and well-chosen. They were talking with the greatest earnestness; and therefore

fore did not observe our entrance.
 The fair Nun advanced —“ I should
 “ be glad”—said she—“ to return to
 “ my asylum, were you—my guide
 “ and director—willing to accom-
 “ pany me.”—“ Oh ! the detestable
 “ airs of a prude !”—cried the
 haughty Jane ;—“ a Nun, I suppose,
 “ never thinks herself safe, but behind
 “ her grate, unless she has half a
 “ dozen men to guard her—Me-
 “ thinks it is a pity you are not in re-
 “ ality what you only pretend to be
 “ —A jealous wife is surely one of
 “ the greatest curses in nature—Poor
 “ Sir Henry—what—it must go
 “ home with its deary. Her lady-
 “ ship has not given a proof of the
 “ power

“power of her charms, since they
 “could not prevail on one animal
 “to undertake the important charge
 “of conducting her home—Go, Sir
 “Henry—I don’t fear being more
 “successful, without applying to
 “a husband.”—“This lady”—
 said I—“needs not fear protectors;
 “—but her gentle heart wishes to
 “oblige, and be obliged by one
 “alone.”—“What! has she made
 “a captive of your grave worship?
 “—If so, how feels the breast of
 “Leonora?”—“Perfectly at ease,”
 said she;—“so long as Don Diego
 “continues the admirer of virtue, I
 “shall never fear the loss of his affec-
 “tion. Were he to become the slave
 “of

“ of imprudent beauty, I might have
 “ reason to fear.” — “ All gravity,
 “ and sentiment !—What a pity that
 “ such dear, loving souls were born
 “ to live in this delightful age. Poor
 “ Sir Henry !—ha, ha, ha !—much
 “ pleasure attend you and your sober
 “ party.” — She hurried into the
 crowd.

“ WHAT !” — said Sir Henry, with
 warmth, — “ you came here to be a
 “ spy upon my actions, Madam. The
 “ mighty pains you have this night
 “ taken to expose both yourself and
 “ me, will answer no other purpose
 “ than make me despise you.”

“ PARDON

“ PARDON me, Sir Henry—I was
 “ neither a spy, nor wished to inter-
 “ rupt your pleasures — but did not
 “ like to leave this place without in-
 “ forming you of my intention, and
 “ should have rejoiced had you chosen
 “ to return with me.—As you do
 “ not, Mr. Frankly will, I dare
 “ say, accompany me home.”—“ I
 “ should be much obliged to him,”
 said he, coolly. With a slight bow
 he left us, and we saw him imme-
 diately fly to the unworthy represen-
 tative of the frail, unhappy Jane
 Shore.

“ THIS evening”—said the Nun—
 turning to Leonora,—“ has revealed
 “ a secret

“ a secret which I would have wished
 “ ever to have remained concealed.
 “ You have heard me insulted by the
 “ taunts of wanton cruelty—but by
 “ innocence my soul has been, and
 “ still shall be, supported.—I would
 “ be glad to sit down a few minutes
 “ to recover my spirits. Had I
 “ strength answerable to my wishes,
 “ this weak frame should not give
 “ you so much trouble, or detain me
 “ a minute longer here.”

THE QUACK DOCTOR.

“ PERMIT me to give you a piece
 “ of advice, fair Nun,” said the
 Quack,—“ which, if you do not re-
 “ fuse my medicines, will cure you

"of every ill, and restore you to
 "happiness as well as health."—"If
 "your advice is good,"—said she—
 "let's have it;—'tis a rarity seldom
 "to be met with."—He sat down
 by her, and pretended to feel her
 pulse.—"Your heart"—said he—
 "has this evening received a wound,
 "by being an unwilling witness to
 "the conduct of a faithless husband,
 "who no longer cares whether you
 "are happy or not—who slights
 "your blooming charms, and disre-
 "gards your worth. I would advise
 "you to listen to the fervent passion
 "of a lover, who would cure the
 "pangs of disappointment, and raise
 "you to a situation even beyond the
 "wishes

"wishes of ambition :—by all means
 "take every opportunity of being
 "amused—Pleasure and love would
 "restore you to health and peace."—

"To infamy and misery would
 you lead me, base adviser!"—said
 she :—"This is a language I am no
 "stranger to. Why must I still be
 "insulted with your vile proposals?
 "—'Tis in vain you follow me—I
 "am not to be tempted from my
 "duty by all the pomp of vanity or
 "pride. In vain you make use of
 "promised bribes, and paint a life of
 "infamy in beautiful colours—I am
 "not to be moved by such poor so-
 "phistry. In vain you assume vari-

"ous disguises—and by that means
 "find an opportunity of speaking to
 "me. I know your rank, and am
 "no stranger to your person and for-
 "tune—but I despise them and you."
 "The faults and imprudences of Sir
 "Henry D***, would be no excuse
 "for mine. To my own heart I
 "must ever stand acquitted, or I
 "could not, I should not deserve to
 "be happy."—"Why will you be
 "such a slave to rigid virtue?" said
 he—"Let pity melt your soul to
 "love—forget the wretch you are
 "united to, and share with me the
 "joys of affluence. My heart—my
 "very life is yours."—"The love I
 "bear Sir Henry is proof against
 6 "any

"any stroke of fortune, and even
 "unkindness. Pleasure, in every
 "dangerous shape, is become my
 "rival in his heart—an angel could
 "not rival him in mine. What then
 "has the base, designing villain to
 "hope?"—She gave me her hand,
 and we quitted the room,—set lady
 D * * * down at her house, who pro-
 mised to call upon us the next morn-
 ing.—We arrived at home,—fatigued,
 and disgusted.

REFLECTIONS.

“WE have lost this evening,”—
 said I;—“we went for plea-
 sure—but have only been the un-
 willing witnesses to the discontent
 which the generality of the world
 carry about with them, even to those
 places where they go to be amused.
 “Did we know the value of a day,
 “or even of one short hour of time,
 “we should not be the prodigals we
 “are.”—“Surely,” cried Julia, with
 a smile, “we are a strange pair. Our
 “hearts in unison seem to experience
 “exactly the same feelings. Like
 “you, I return tired, dissatisfied, and

“ out of spirits. My dress brings a
 “ blush to my cheek—it becomes
 “ not a mother, and a wife. How-
 “ ever, there were many much older
 “ and superior to ourselves to keep
 “ us in countenance. Folly has a
 “ large train of followers—but
 “ pleading the example of a multi-
 “ tude, is no excuse for the follies of
 “ an individual. Not one hour of
 “ life has promised to call again, my
 “ Julia,”—said I;—“ therefore we
 “ will go to no more masquerades—
 “ neither shall our hearts or persons
 “ be disguised.”—We retired to rest,
 and undoubtedly slept the sounder for
 having formed a rational resolution.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

"out of touch. My little change a
 "club is my choice—it becomes
 "not a matter and a wide flow
 "and, for many, many other
 "and suppose a ourselves to keep
 "in our own hands. I have a
 "train of followers—but
 "planning a sample of a multi-
 "tude is no excuse for the failure of
 "an individual. Not one hour of
 "the has promised to call again, my
 "I have said I—therefore we
 "will go to no more meetings—
 "I have said I—our hearts or persons
 "are not to be used. We intend to tell
 "and we will be the founder for
 "a new religion.

AND OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

